ACCLAIM COMICS, INC.™
VALIANT
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TUROK
DINOSAUR HUNTER™
SIMON FURMAN
•
MIKE DEODATO
DEEM

TUROK DINOSAUR HUNTER

MAN HUNT!

PART 1

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DALLAS, TEXAS. THE BLUEBIRD MOTOR LODGE--
PUT THE AXE DOWN. NOW!
ACTUALLY... LET ME REPHRASE THAT.
REMEMBER WE HAD THAT LITTLE CHAT ABOUT THE BUDGET FOR THIS TRIP, AND HOW I HAD TO GROVEL TO GET THE COLLEGE TO FOOT THE BILL? Y'KNOW, THE ONE WHERE I EXPLAINED THE TERMS "SHOE-STRING" AND "ECONOMY"?
WELL...
...SMASHING THE TV SET IS NOT GOING TO HELP!
ANDY, I TOLD YOU NOT TO LET HIM WATCH DANCES WITH WOLVES. YOU KNOW HOW HE GETS!
NOT GUILTY.
WE WERE HAPPILY CHANNEL SURFING WHEN WE HIT THIS LOCAL NEWS STATION AND--
THERE!
SEE HOW BLIND YOUR SOCIETY'S JUSTICE TRULY IS!
WHOA! ACTION REPLAY!

THAT'S THE REVEREND VANE, HEAD OF THE CHURCH OF THE FREE MIND. THE RITUAL MURDER CASE. BUT--
EH.-
LISTEN.
--I HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED, FALSELY ACCUSED, BUT I AM DELIVERED! MY CHURCH HAS BEEN PILLORIED, AND SLANDERED, BUT YET STANDS!
THEY--THEY LET HIM GO? I THOUGHT THEY HAD HIM COLD, MURDER WEAPON AND ALL!
PTUI!
THEY SAY THE KNIFE WAS OBTAINED AS A RESULT OF AN ILLEGAL SEARCH. THEY SAY IT CANNOT BE USED AS EVIDENCE.
SUCH...TECHNICALITIES WOULD NOT HAVE SAVED HIM IN MY TIME, AMONG MY PEOPLE! JUSTICE THEN WAS SWIFT--
--AND FINAL!
OF COURSE. TUROK'S ANSWER TO EVERYTHING! WE'VE GROWN A BIT BEYOND YOUR BRAND OF JUSTICE.
SOMETIMES THE SYSTEM DOES LET ONE SLIP THROUGH THE NET, BUT ON BALANCE~
REGAN DOES NOT UNDERSTAND. BEFORE I CAME HERE, IN LOST LAND, I ENCOUNTERED ONE VERY LIKE VANE FOR WHOM RELIGION HAD BECOME A CONVENIENT MASK, BEHIND WHICH TO HIDE HIS VICIOUS INSANITY.
HE BUTCHERED DOZENS, SEVERAL FROM MY OWN ADOPTED TRIBE, UNTIL I STOPPED HIM.
AND STILL I WONDER--HAD I ACTED SOONER, NOT PAUSED TO CONSIDER...HOW MANY OF THOSE LOST LIVES COULD I HAVE SAVED?

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ANY SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS A MAN LIKE VANE TO WALK FREE IS WRONG!
--AND ANOTHER THING-- YOU COULD BE WRONG! VANE COULD BE INNOCENT! WHO EXACTLY DELIVERS THESE WEIGHTY VERDICTS OF YOURS? WHO GETS TO PLAY GOD?
TUROK?
TUROK?!
HEY!
AGAIN! SHOW ME AGAIN!
YES.
MY EYES DID NOT DECEIVE ME. THOSE SYMBOLS, THEY ARE OF THE OLD WORLD.
THE SIGNS OF THE PRIMITIVES!

THE PREHISTORIC TRIBE YOU WERE A PART OF IN LOST LAND?
YES, THERE'S A CHANCE THAT ONE OR MORE MAY HAVE SURVIVED THE MASSACRE AT THE VILLAGE, BEEN TRANSPORTED HERE, AS I WAS. THERE'S A CHANCE...
...I'M NOT ALONE AFTER ALL!
QUICK, LET'S HEAR WHAT HE'S SAYING.
--THAT THOUGH NO OFFICIAL STATEMENT HAS YET BEEN ISSUED, DALLAS POLICE ARE TREATING THIS AS THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF INCIDENTS.
IN EACH CASE, THE SAME SYMBOLS, DAUBED ON A WALL...
IN THE VICTIM'S BLOOD!

LATER...
AM I INTRUDING?
NO, ANDY. THE INNER CALM I SEEK ELUDES ME.
I PRAY, ANDY. THAT BEHIND THE APPARENT MADNESS OF THESE MURDERS IS SOME METHOD, SOME HIDDEN AND VITAL AGENDA.
OF LATE I HAVE FELT ISOLATED, OUT OF PLACE.
YOU WANT TO TALK?
I MEAN, WE'RE A TEAM, RIGHT? SINCE GRANDPA DIED, YOU AND ME, WE'RE LIKE FAMILY.
I HAVE MUCH TO HOLD ME HERE, BUT MORE AND MORE I YEARN FOR THE OLD WAYS, THE OLD PEOPLE. WHEN I SAW THOSE SYMBOLS, MY HEART SOARED, FOR HERE WAS A PIECE OF MY PAST, OF WHOM I USED TO BE.'
A PIECE I MAY HAVE FOUND...ONLY TO LOSE.'

TUROK, LET ME COME WITH YOU. WE CAN FIND THIS GUY... TOGETHER.
I'M SORRY, ANDY.
WE ARE FAMILY. BUT I MUST DO THIS ALONE. YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?
SURE.
AH, THERE YOU ARE.
I FOUND OUT WHAT YOU WANTED TO KNOW. LAST NIGHT'S MURDER WAS THE SEVENTH IN AS MANY DAYS. ALL WERE COMMITED IN A TWELVE-BLOCK AREA.
THE BODY LAST NIGHT WAS FOUND IN AN ALLEY IN BACK OF STOCK'S RECORDS, ON MAIN.
I PICKED YOU UP A LOCAL MAP.
LOOK, TUROK. YOU KNOW YOU'RE MORE TO ME THAN AN ANTHROPOLOGICAL CURIOSITY TO SHOW OFF AT PALEONTOLOGY CONVENTIONS...
I CARE ABOUT YOU, I WANT TO HELP YOU! BLAST IT, TUROK, WE'RE HERE, ANDY AND I. YOU CAN REACH OUT TO US!
THANK YOU. I'D BEST BE GOING NOW.
RIGHT.
DON'T FORGET YOUR MAP!

EARLY A.M.--
I HATE THE CITY.
IT BEARS DOWN ON ME LIKE A LIVING THING, ITS BREATH FETID AND ITS ROAR UNRELENTING.
I DO NOT BELONG HERE!
I HAVE FELT THE TENSION GROWING, A KNOT TIGHTENING IN MY GUT. I CANNOT RELAX...
EVEN WITH REGAN AND ANDY, I HAVE BEEN SHORT... IRRITABLE.
DISLOCATION, REGAN'S BOOKS CALL IT. THEY HAVE A NAME FOR EVERYTHING, EVERY BEAST THAT PROWLS THE DARK VALLEYS OF THE MIND.
HOW TRULY IMPORTANT IS IT TO ME, THIS LIFELINE TO MY PAST? IF I MUST...
...CAN I SEVER IT?

MONSTER. WHY MONSTER? ONE WORD, WRITTEN IN BLOOD. AGAIN AND AGAIN, AT THE SITE OF EACH MURDER.
WHY?
ENOUGH! I CAME SEEKING ANSWERS, NOT MORE QUESTIONS. AND THE AUTHORITIES HUNT ME... AS THEY HUNT THIS BEAST.
THERE WILL BE TRACES, SIGNS, MISSED BY THE POLICE AND THEIR SCIENCE. A TRAIL I CAN FOLLOW.
THERE...
...A PRINT, VERY FAINT. FROM THE SLOPE OF THE ARCH, THE SHORTNESS OF TOE...
...UNMISTAKABLY PRIMITIVE.
SO, SOMEONE ELSE FROM THE LOST LAND IS HERE, IN THIS TIME.
I SEARCH FOR A SCENT.
...AND FIND TWO!
RAPTOR!

IT MAKES NO SENSE. ONE OF ANOTHERGOD'S ABOMINATIONS HERE? ONLY AN ENHANCED CREATURE COULD HAVE MADE THESE SYMBOLS.
...BUT WHERE DOES THE PRIMITIVE FIT IN? AND WHY...
THE WIND SHIFTS...
WHAMP
AAA!
...TOO LATE!
RHASSH
NO!
GHLIA--

I'M IN THE LOST LAND..
...MOTHERGOD'S BIONISAURS TEARING THROUGH THE VILLAGE..
...BUTCHERING...
...I'M RUNNING, ALWAYS RUNNING...
...ALWAYS TOO LATE!
MONSTERRRRS--

WHERE AM I?
THIS PLACE...IT'S AS IF SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO CRAFT A PIECE OF A BYGONE AGE. BUT THE EFFECT IS WRONG, SOMEHOW...
...UNSETTLING.
DAYLIGHT. I'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS FOR SOME HOURS, THEN. WHO BROUGHT ME HERE?
WHO CLEANED AND DRESSED MY WOUNDS?
GUNN!
OF COURSE. THE POULTICE, THE DECORATION. IT APPEARS THE PRIMITIVE I SOUGHT...

...HAS FOUND ME!
NO.
YOU MUST NOT MOVE. NOT YET. WOUND IS DEEP. YOU LOSE MUCH BLOOD.
THE MEDICINE HERE IS STRANGE, BUT STRONG. YOU WILL HEAL...IF YOU REST.
I... KNOW YOU.
KRU. YOU AND I, WE FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE, IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE END OF ALL THINGS. I AM... HAPPY TO SEE YOU!
I-I TOO, MORE THAN YOU KNOW. YOU ARE OF THE ROCK PEOPLE. BUT..I THOUGHT YOUR TRIBE PERISHED IN THE MASSACRE. HOW DID YOU SURVIVE? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
THUMP THUMP
AND THE BIONISAUR! WHAT HAPPENED TO--?
ENOUGH.
REST. THEN WE WILL EAT, DRINK, AND TALK OF TIMES PAST...
--AND THE HUNT TO COME!

COOKING HERBS FOR POULTICES. BARBECUED PIGEON FOR SUPPER. I'VE HAD WORSE.
RESTED, MY INJURIES A DULL MEMORY, I FIND MYSELF COMPLETELY AT EASE.
I ALMOST DON'T ASK..
THE ATTACK? I WILL NEVER FORGET
I AM HUNTING WHEN THEY STRIKE, FAR FROM THE VILLAGE. I COME BACK, ALL ARE DEAD. MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN-- ALL ARE DEAD!
I WANDER FOR DAYS, IN SHOCK, WITHOUT PLAN OR WEAPON, MY EYES FULL OF BLOOD!
BUT NOT ONE MONSTER IS THERE ON WHICH TO VENT MY FURY!
WHEN SPIDER-PEOPLE TAKE ME, I AM READY TO DIE. THINK I WILL, FOR CHICHAK HATE TUROK AND ALL WHO FIGHT WITH HIM. BUT THEN...THE WORLD ENDS. WE ARE SWEPT AWAY...
...INTO MADNESS. BUT I LEARN FROM YOU, TUROK--I ESCAPE. ADAPT, SURVIVE.!
I FIND PURPOSE!
YES.! MY CHANCE TO AVENGE MY DEAD!
THE BIONISAUR.

BABY FOOD?
MMM. WANT SOME?
UMM. YOU WERE SAYING...
THE MONSTER, YES. I'M SMART. I SURVIVE. I ADAPT. I FIND WORK IN A BAR, AS A BOUNCER. COMING HOME EARLY IN THE MORNING, I DISCOVER ITS KILL.
STILL FRESH, ITS SPOOR EVERYWHERE.
I TRACK IT, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT!
LAST NIGHT, AT LAST, I STARE INTO ITS EYES AND HOWL! IT SEES THE FIRE THERE AND FLEES! I START TO FOLLOW...
...BUT I SEE IT IS YOU! LYING THERE!
I KNOW, IN THAT MOMENT, IT IS OVER! TOGETHER, SIDE-BY-SIDE, WE WILL SPILL THE MONSTER'S BLOOD!
YOU WILL HUNT WITH ME TONIGHT, TUROK AND KRU... LIKE OLD TIMES!
YES! LIKE OLD TIMES!

FOR WEEKS, THE POLICE HAVE HUNTED ME.
NOW I HUNT AGAIN. ONLY THIS TIME, MY PREY IS BEAST, NOT MAN, AND I DO NOT HUNT ALONE.
I SHOULD BE AT PEACE WITH MYSELF AND MY TASK, BUT I AM UNEASY.
PERHAPS IT IS MY COMPANION'S CHOICE OF WEAPON...
A POKER?
DO YOU NOT TRUST YOUR GUN, MY FRIEND?
PHAW! GUNS? MOTHERGOD'S SOLDIERS USED GUNS! WHAT GOOD ARE THEY..
...COMPARED TO WEAPONS SUCH AS THIS?
SIGH
AT LEAST IF KRLI HAS US EAT THE BEAST..
...ITS MEAT WILL BE TENDER.
THIS IS THE MONSTER'S HUNTING GROUND, AWAY FROM THE NOISE AND LIGHT.
IT PREYS UPON STREET DWELLERS.
IT HAS CHOSEN WELL. TOO MANY STREETS AND ALLEYS FOR ONE MAN ALONE.
WE MUST SPLIT UP, CIRCLE INWARDS TOWARD EACH OTHER.
BE WARNED, TUROK..

"...THE TRIBES HERE ARE NOT FRIENDLY--"
A KILLER STALKS THESE STREETS.
I SENSE THEIR SUSPICION... THEIR FEAR.
THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH TENSION, NERVES STRUNG CLOSE TO BREAKING POINT.
AND I--
PLUNK!

MEOWR!
..AM NOT IMMUNE!
THIS PLACE, THIS WHOLE AREA..
..IS READY TO EXPLODE!
CRUNCH
STINKIN' LIAR! THAT'S MY WOMAN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
HNG!

SHE DON'T THINK SO.
AN' NEITHER DO I.!
A SIMPLE DISPUTE, ONE THAT THEY MUST SETTLE... WARRIOR TO WARRIOR.
NOT MY CONCERN.
VESSSSAAA
KLANG
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
THAT...WAS YOUR ONLY CHANCE GOIN' STRAIGHT DOWN THE TOILET.!
NOW THEY FIGHT ON EQUAL TERMS.
STRANGE, I COULDN'T TURN AWAY. EVEN THOUGH EVERY IN-STINCT TOLD ME TO DO JUST TH--
SSHHHSH
NO!

NO!
AAAHHGG!
WHY WOULD A RAPTOR WRITE A MESSAGE AT ALL?
I'M A FOOL! WHY WOULD A RAPTOR WRITE A MESSAGE IN THE ROCK TRIBE'S SIGN?
AND DIDN'T K'RU USE THAT WORD OVER AND OVER?
I WAS SO DESPERATE TO BELIEVE.. IN HIM, IN WHAT HE REPRESENTED.. I WAS BLIND.
MAN AND BEAST..

MANHUNT!
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE

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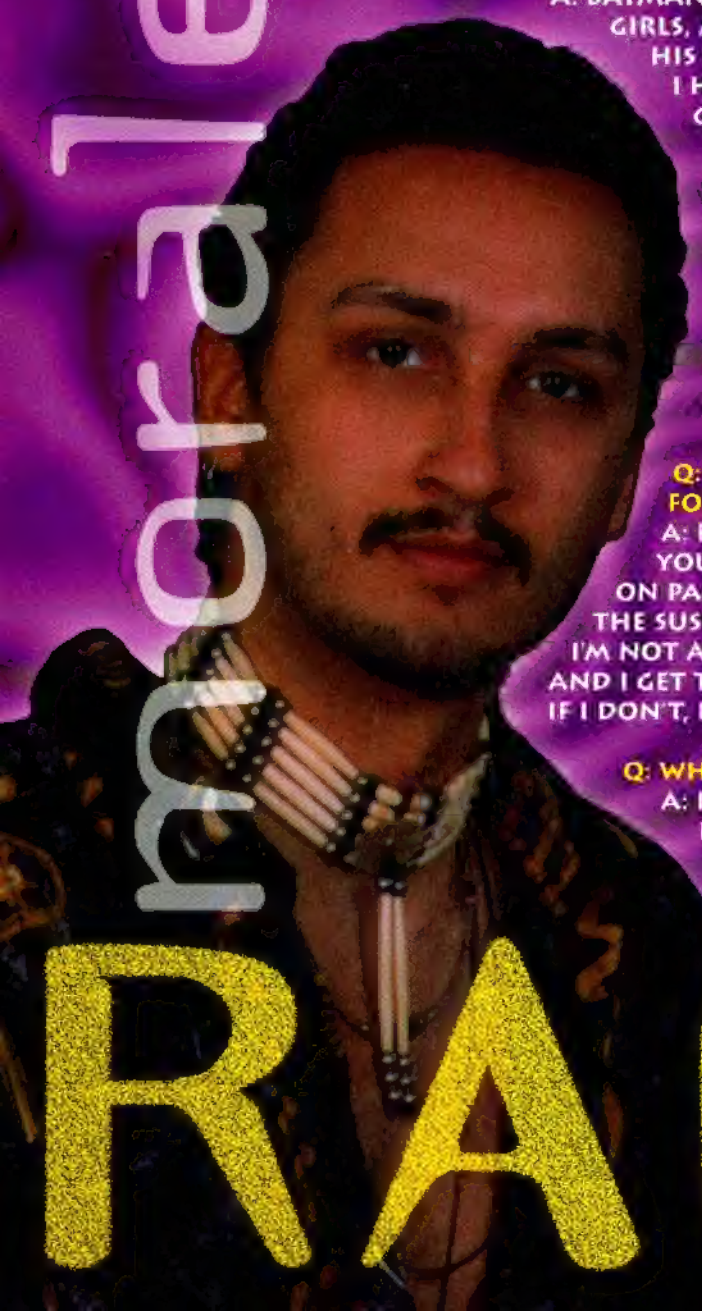
morales RAGS



Q: WHAT WAS THE FIRST COMIC BOOK YOU READ?
A: I STUMBLED ONTO COMICS WHEN I WAS FIVE. AS A KID I LOVED NEAL ADAMS' BATMAN STORIES. NEAL'S STUFF WAS VERY COOL, VERY DYNAMIC. HE DREW PEOPLE AND PLACES THAT LOOKED REAL, AND HE MADE THE FANTASY OF COMICS COME ALIVE FOR ME.

Q: WHAT WAS SO COOL ABOUT BATMAN?
A: BATMAN WAS WAY COOL. HE HAD MONEY, GIRLS, AND HE WENT OUT AT NIGHT AND HIS PARENTS COULDN'T TELL HIM NO. I HAD TO COME IN WHEN IT STARTED GETTING DARK!

Q: WHAT'S COOL FOR YOU ABOUT COMICS?
A: THEY'RE A FANTASY PLAYGROUND. EVERYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE IS THERE — SCI-FI, SUPERHEROES, HORROR. IT'S FUN TO IDENTIFY WITH THE HEROES. WHEN YOUR HERO IS FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE OR SOMETHING, IT'S COOL TO GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

Q: WHY IS DRAWING SO MUCH FUN FOR YOU?
A: EVERY SCRIPT IS A CHALLENGE. WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, COMICS ARE MOVIES ON PAGES. I LOVE THE STORYTELLING, THE SUSPENSE, THE ACTION. WHEN I DRAW, I'M NOT AN ARTIST. I'M PART OF THE AUDIENCE, AND I GET THE SAME THRILL MY READERS DO. IF I DON'T, I'M DOING SOMETHING WRONG.

Q: WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST JOB IN COMICS?
A: I DID CAPTAIN ACTION PAGES FOR A LITTLE-KNOWN BASEMENT PUBLISHER. I DIDN'T GET PAID MUCH, BUT I DIDN'T CARE BECAUSE I WAS WORKING AT SOMETHING I LOVED.

Q: WHY TUROK?
A: IT'S EXCITING. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A FASCINATION WITH NATIVE AMERICANS. I'VE GOTTEN INTO THE GROOVE OF THE THINGS NEEDED TO DO THIS KIND OF BOOK: LEAN BODIES, FOLIAGE, DINOSAURS. IT'S ALL COME TOGETHER FOR ME IN A FUN WAY.

Q: WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MORE OF IN TUROK?
A: WHAT I WANT TO SEE, AND WHAT TIMOTHY TRUMAN, PAUL GULACY AND I ARE HEADING TOWARDS, IS TUROK USING HIS REAL POWER — HIS INTELLIGENCE AND RESOURCEFULNESS. TUROK IS THE ULTIMATE MENTAL WARRIOR.

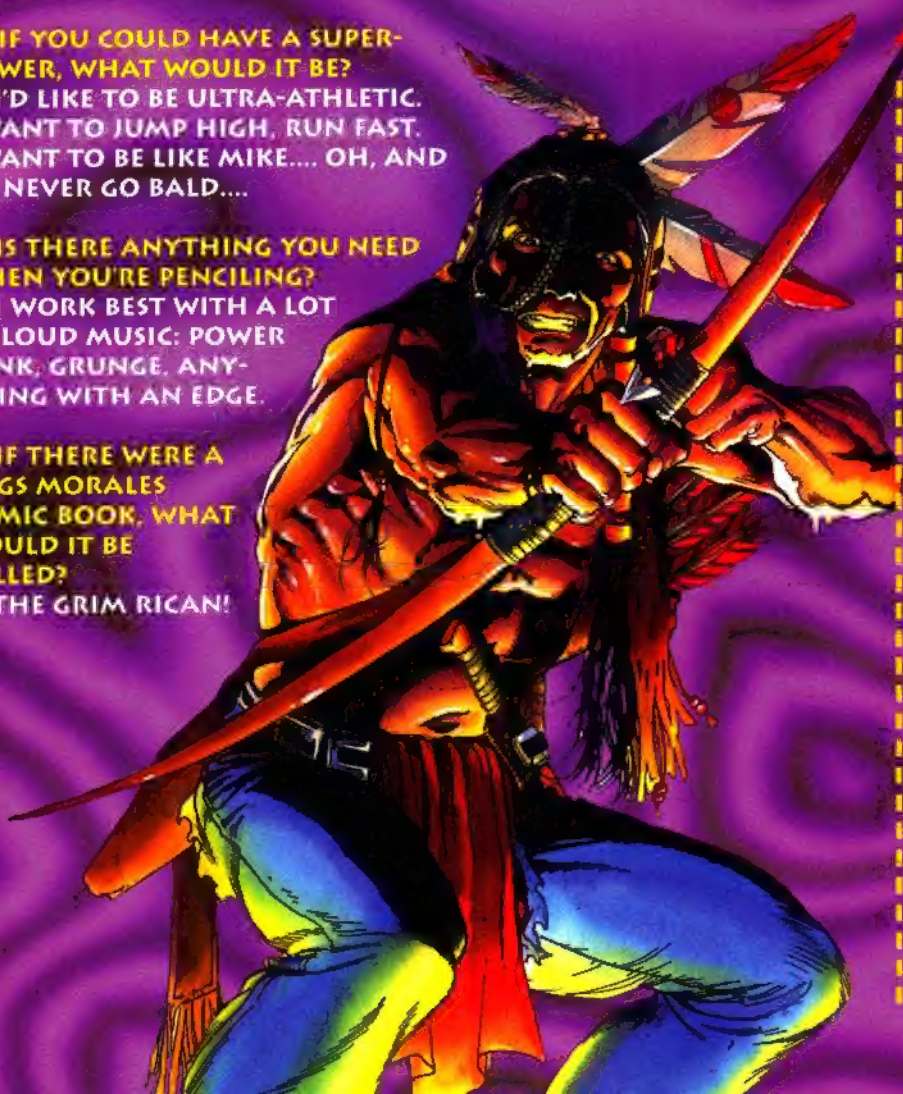
Q: WHO WOULD STAR IN A TUROK MOVIE?
A: STEVEN SEGAL AS TUROK, RALPH MACCHIO TEN YEARS AGO AS ANDY, AND REBECCA DEMORNAY AS REGAN.

Q: WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN COMMON WITH TUROK?
A: WE'RE BOTH PRETTY HEAVY DUDES. WE DON'T TAKE CRAP FROM NOBODY! TUROK'S EMOTIONALLY AND SPIRITUALLY WEARY, TOO. THERE'S A WORN AURA ABOUT HIM, AND MY MOM ALWAYS TOLD ME I HAD AN OLD SOUL.

Q: IF YOU COULD HAVE A SUPER-POWER, WHAT WOULD IT BE?
A: I'D LIKE TO BE ULTRA-ATHLETIC. I WANT TO JUMP HIGH, RUN FAST. I WANT TO BE LIKE MIKE.... OH, AND TO NEVER GO BALD....

Q: IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED WHEN YOU'RE PENCILING?
A: I WORK BEST WITH A LOT OF LOUD MUSIC: POWER FUNK, GRUNGE, ANYTHING WITH AN EDGE.

Q: IF THERE WERE A RAGS MORALES COMIC BOOK, WHAT WOULD IT BE CALLED?
A: THE GRIM RICAN!



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